FAMILY GUY

"Wasted Talent""

Production #2ACX15

Story by

Dave Collard & Ken Goin

Teleplay by

Mike Barker & Matt Weitzman

Created by

Seth MacFarlane

Executive Producers

David Zuckerman
Seth MacFarlane

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20TH CENTURY FOX TELEVISION
10201 W. Pico Boulevard
Los Angeles, CA 90035

TABLE DRAFT
August 20, 1999

"Wasted Talent"

CAST LIST FOR #2ACX15:

PETER GRIFFIN……SETH MACFARLANE
LOIS GRIFFIN……..ALEX BORSTEIN
CHRIS GRIFFIN……SETH GREEN
MEG GRIFFIN……MILA KUNIS
STEWIE GRIFFIN……SETH MACFARLANE
BRIAN GRIFFIN……SETH MACFARLANE
ALEXIS……TBD (SUB: ALEX BORSTEIN)
ANNOUNCER……..TBD (SUB: GARRETT DONOVAN)
BLONDE……..TBD (SUB: LANE SCHNAITTER)
BOB MCKENZIE……..TBD (SUB: SETH MACFARLANE)
BUCK……..TBD (SUB: GARRETT DONOVAN)
CHUMBA WUMBAS……TBD (SUB: SETH M., CRAIG, MIKE B.)
CLERK……..TBD (SUB: MIKE BARKER)
CLEVELAND……..MIKE HENRY
COACH……..TBD (SUB: MIKE HENRY)
COP #1……..TBD (SUB: NEIL GOLDMAN)
CROWD……ALL
DEVIL……..TBD (SUB: RICKY BLITT)
DIANE……LORI ALAN (SUB: ALEX BORSTEIN)
DOCTOR MILLER……TBD (SUB: SETH MACFARLANE)
DOCTOR RUBIN……TBD (SUB: MIKE BARKER)
DOUG……TBD (SUB: MIKE BARKER)
GUY……TBD (SUB: MIKE BARKER)
HANS……TBD (SUB: CHRIS SHERIDAN)
JANIE……..TBD (SUB: ALEX BORSTEIN)
JOE……PATRICK WARBURTON (SUB: GARRETT DONOVAN)
KID…….. TBD (SUB: NEIL GOLDMAN)
LITTLE BOY……..TBD (SUB: GARRETT DONOVAN)
MA……TBD (SUB: MIKE HENRY)
MAN……TBD (SUB: MIKE BARKER)
MAYOR WEST……ADAM WEST (SUB: SETH MACFARLANE)
MING-WA……TBD (SUB: BOBBY BOWMAN)
MODERATOR……..TBD (SUB: MIKE BARKER)
MR. WEED……TBD (SUB: SETH MACFARLANE)
MRS. WONG……..TBD (SUB: LANE SCHNAITTER)
MUSEUM GUIDE……TBD (SUB: RICKY BLITT)
NINJA JERRY……TBD (SUB: MIKE BARKER)
NOSE-PIERCED GIRL…… TBD (SUB: LANE SCHNAITTER)

PAWTUCKET PAT.....TBD (SUB: SETH MACFARLANE)
QUAGMIRE.....SETH MACFARLANE
REPORTER.....TBD (SUB: MICHAEL SHIPLEY)
RONNY.....TBD (SUB: CHRIS SHERIDAN)
TEACHER..... TBD (SUB: LANE SCHNAITTER)
TEEN.....TBD (SUB: MIKE BARKER)
TEEN'S MOTHER.....TBD (SUB: LANE SCHNAITTER)
TEENAGE BOY.....TBD (SUB: DAN PALLADINO)
TOM HANKS.....TBD (SUB: DAN PALLADINO)
TOM TUCKER.....SETH MACFARLANE
TONY RANDALL.....TBD (SUB: DAN PALLADINO)
TRICIA TAKANAWA.....ALEX BORSTEIN
VILLAGER.....TBD (SUB: MIKE BARKER)
WORKER.....TBD (SUB: MICHAEL SHIPLEY)

ACT ONE

EXT./ESTAB. DRUNKEN CLAM - DAY

INT. DRUNKEN CLAM - CONTINUOUS

PETER, BRIAN, JOE, QUAGMIRE, and CLEVELAND all sit at the bar, drinking beer and watching TV.

EXT. FAIRGROUNDS - DAY (ON TV)

A VERY BUFF GUY stands facing the CROWD. He prepares for the competition by stretching and talcing his hands.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

Next up in the Strong Man

Competition, last year's champion

Hans Dvorak.

He sits down opposite a table where a MODERATOR sits.

MODERATOR

(TO HANS) Your father never loved you.

Hans sits stone-faced.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

No reaction at all. Strong start for

the rock from Reykjavik.

MODERATOR

The woman you grew up calling mother?

She's really your aunt. You killed

your real mother when she gave birth

to you. Split her like a Georgia

watermelon. Way to go, big guy.

He remains stone-faced.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

Not even a quiver from Hans.

MODERATOR

By the way, Hans, your dog Fifi

wanted to drop by and say hello.

ANGLE ON the sky as a plane flies over. A small POODLE is kicked out of the aircraft. It falls from the sky, **yipping** until she **splats** on the cement (o.s.) next to Hans. A small tear comes down Hans' face.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

There's a tear.

HANS

(GOOD NATUREDLY) You got me.

Hans shakes the moderator's hand.

On TV, a **CHYRON** flashes "Special Report".

INT. NEWS ANCHOR DESK - DAY (ON TV)

TOM TUCKER sits at his anchor desk with DIANE SIMMONS.

TOM TUCKER

We interrupt for this breaking news.

After years of isolation, the

mysterious and eccentric brewmeister,

Pawtucket Pat, has announced that

he's opening his never-before-seen

brewery to a lucky few.

ANGLE ON Peter as his eyes goes wide in astonishment. **ANGLE ON** TV. Diane speaks, Tom opens a beer and starts **chugging**.

DIANE

Tom, Pawtucket Pat has placed four

silver scrolls in four lucky beers.

Whoever finds them will take a

magical tour of the brewery, and walk

away with a lifetime supply of beer.

Tom peers into the now empty beer, tosses it aside and opens another one. Diane gives him a judgemental look.

TOM TUCKER

What? This is news.

Tom slams back the beer.

INT. DRUNKEN CLAM - DAY (BACK TO SCENE)

PETER

Aw, man! Did you guys hear that?

QUAGMIRE

Forget it, Peter, there's only four scrolls. You got a better chance of coppin' a feel off Mother Theresa. Which I've done. Oh!

PETER

Imagine seein' the inside of the Pawtucket Patriot brewery.

CLEVELAND

That's highly unlikely, Peter. You never win anything. Remember when you went on "Password"?

INT. "PASSWORD" SET - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Peter sits across from TONY RANDALL.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

This one is for Peter Griffin and Tony Randall.

Peter picks up the clue, reads it.

ANNOUNCER (CONT'D; V.O.)

(HUSHED) The password is "flaming."

CHRYON: "Flaming".

PETER

(LEADINGLY) You...?

TONY RANDALL

Actor.

PETER

(LEADINGLY) You...?

TONY RANDALL

(CONFUSED) Tony?

PETER

(LEADINGLY) You...?

EXT./ESTAB. GRIFFINS' HOUSE - DAY

INT. GRIFFINS' DEN - SAME

LOIS is at the piano with JONAS, a blonde boy of 10. He's in the middle of playing a piece.

LOIS

Not-so-stac-cat-to! Legaaaato.

(ADJUSTS HIS PLAYING) There we go.

Jonas finishes the piece. Peter enters with a case of beer. He's a little drunk.

PETER

Hi, Lois--(SEES JONAS) Hey...What the

hell's going on here? That's my wife!

LOIS

Peter--

PETER

(TO LOIS) What, did you forget

Saturdays are my day off?

Jonas backs towards the living room, frightened. Peter starts toward him, rolling up his sleeves.

PETER (CONT'D)

(IN JONAS' FACE) And you. Pretty boy.

INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Peter backs Jonas to the front door. Lois follows.

PETER (CONT'D)

You get some cheap thrill turning on near-menopausal housewives with how you can just keep going and going? Huh?!

Jonas runs out, terrified. Peter sits on the couch next to a stack of twelve-packs. During the following, Lois goes and sits next to him.

LOIS

Peter! You just scared off my best student and the All-State Piano Competition's in two weeks. Have you been drinking?

PETER

Why, yes, I have, thank you. I gotta find one of those silver scrolls. Everyone's looking for 'em.

INT. QUAGMIRE'S KITCHEN - NIGHT (CUTAWAY)

Quagmire puts another beer in front of a PRETTY BLONDE, who sits at a table full of empty beers.

QUAGMIRE

C'mon, have another one. We gotta empty all these beers and fast.

BLONDE

Glenn, are you trying to get me drunk so you can have sex with me?

QUAGMIRE

What? Oh, uh, yeah.

INT. MAYOR WEST'S OFFICE - DAY (CUTAWAY)

Mayor West paces back and forth addressing a bunch of beer bottles lined up on his desk.

MAYOR WEST

Alright, either you tell me which one

of you's got the scroll--

He indicates a milk carton strapped to a chair.

MAYOR WEST (CONT'D)

-- or your friend the milk gets it.

EXT. TRAILER PARK - DAY (CUTAWAY)

BUCK and SKEETER sit outside, beers in hand, surrounded by dozens of empties. MA walks up to the trailer with a washing board under her arm.

MA

Well, lookee here. You boys tryin'

to win that contest?

BUCK

What contest?

Skeeter burps, causing a tooth to fall out of his mouth.

INT. GRIFFINS' DEN - DAY (BACK TO SCENE)

Peter hands her a six-pack.

PETER

Lois, I need you to help me drink

these beers.

LOIS

Peter, I'm not drinking this.

PETER

Okay. Okay. All right.

He stands up and starts to walk away behind the couch.

PETER (CONT'D)

Lois, I'm gonna go to the store, now.

Here I go. Da-da-da-da-da...

Peter waits tensely for a beat, then races back up to Lois and grabs the top of her head, pulls it back, and starts pouring beer down her throat.

LOIS

(SPUTTERING) Stop it! Why do you have to drink every bottle? Can't you just dump 'em out?

PETER

You can't just waste food, Lois. C'mon, you don't see those Ethiopians doin' that.

EXT. SOMALIAN TOWN - DAY (CUTAWAY)

In the dusty plane outside of town, RED CROSS VOLUNTEERS are proudly unloading metallic tins of food off a truck and handing them to the gathered VILLAGERS. One MAN steps forward.

VILLAGER

Excuse me. I don't want to seem ungrateful or anything, but none of us really like the beige paste you guys are always sending over. Couldn't ya, I don't know, toss in a Baby Ruth or something?

INT. GRIFFINS' DEN - DAY (BACK TO SCENE)

LOIS

Peter, you can't drink all these beers by yourself.

PETER

No. Hey kids!

Chris and Meg enter. Peter hands them some beers.

PETER (CONT'D)

A little help here.

CHRIS

All right, Dad!

PETER

(TO LOIS) Where's Stewie, in his crib?

Lois takes the beers from Meg and Chris.

LOIS

Oh, very nice, Peter. And what happens when you turn our baby into a lush?

INT. STEWIE'S ROOM - DAY (CUTAWAY)

CLOSE ON Stewie's face as he lies in his crib. He wakes up, obviously hungover. An empty bottle of liquor lays next to him. He turns slowly to his right and **winces. WIDEN TO REVEAL** he's laying next to a hideously ugly BABY GIRL. He **shudders.**

STEWIE

Oh, god, please tell me we didn't do it.

EXT./ESTAB. GRIFFINS' HOUSE - MORNING

The PAPER GIRL rides her bike by the house and throws a paper on the Griffins' doorstep.

INT. GRIFFINS' SIDE PORCH - SAME

CLOSE ON a clock. It reads 7:00 AM. **REVEAL** Peter and Brian, surrounded by an amazing amount of empty beer. Peter chugs a beer as Brian cheers him on.

BRIAN

Go! Go! Go! Go!

Peter finishes the beer and turns it upside down. Brian looks at him expectantly.

PETER

Nothin'.

He tosses it away. It lands on the pile with a **clink**. Lois enters, wading her way through the sea of empty cans.

LOIS

Peter, it's seven in the morning.

BRIAN

Thanks for the update, Big Ben.

Peter and Brian **giggle**.

LOIS

You're drunk again!

PETER

No, I'm just exhausted because I've been up all night, drinking.

LOIS

Listen, I know how much you want to win this contest, but look at the price you're payin' for it. If you keep this up, somethin' terrible's gonna happen.

Lois exits.

PETER

Oh, yeah? Well, remember all those orgasms I gave you? You faked those! (BEAT) Brian, I'd never admit this to Lois, but I like you so much more than her. We make such a great team.

INT. MUSIC VIDEO SOUNDSTAGE - NIGHT (CUTAWAY)

In **BLACK AND WHITE**, Brian is on stage wearing a tux and holding a mic. He sings.

BRIAN

UNFORGETTABLE...

Peter materializes a la the "Unforgettable" video, superimposed into the shot with Brian.

PETER

UNFORGETTABLE...

Peter disappears.

BRIAN

THAT'S WHAT YOU ARE...

Peter's space materializes back into shot, but he's not there. He leans into frame to sing:

PETER

THAT'S WHAT YOU ARE...

Peter disappears.

BRIAN

UNFORGETTABLE / FROM NEAR OR FAR.

Peter sticks his hand in frame a la shadow puppet, and his hand sings:

PETER

FROM NEAR OR FAR.

Peter continues to pop in from various places, singing his lines over the following.

BRIAN AND PETER

THAT'S WHY DARLING IT'S INCREDIBLE /

THAT SOMEONE SO UNFORGETTABLE /

THINKS THAT I AM UNFORGETTABLE, TOO.

INT. GRIFFINS' SIDE PORCH - DAY (BACK TO SCENE)

JOE (O.S.)

Woo-hoo! Yeah! YEAAHHH!!

EXT. GRIFFINS' FRONT YARD - CONTINUOUS

Peter and Brian stumble outside to see Joe surrounded by a crowd of people as a news van pulls up. He holds over his head an empty bottle in one hand and a small scroll in the other. Cleveland has come out from his house and is also watching the scene.

JOE

Yes! A lifetime supply of beer!

PETER

What's goin' on?

CLEVELAND

It seems Joe has found the first scroll. He's tasting victory. He said it tastes good. Like salt-water taffy or a Chunky.

PETER

Oh, that's no fair. What the hell's he need all that beer for? He's already half numb.

EXT./ESTAB. GRIFFINS' HOUSE - LATER

INT. GRIFFINS' DEN - SAME

Lois and MING-WA WONG, a twelve year-old girl, sit at the piano. MR. and MRS. WONG stand nearby.

LOIS

Now, Ming-Wa, your parents tell me you've only been playing for two years?

MING-WA

Yes, ma'am.

LOIS

Well, why don't you give this sonata a try. Just play as much of it as you can.

Ming-Wa looks at the sheet music and starts **playing** the piece, tentatively, then more assuredly, until eventually she's blazing through the piece beautifully. Lois' eyes go wide and her jaw drops. We watch Lois as we hear her thoughts.

LOIS (V.O.)

My god, she's a genius. I could win the competition with this one. (THEN) Okay, Lois, close your mouth. Look natural. Little smile, not too big. You're pleased, but not blown away.

Lois nods and smiles calmly at Mr. and Mrs. Wong.

LOIS (CONT'D; V.O.)

She's a lot better than you were at that age. It's not fair some are born with a gift while others spend years practicing only to end up teaching. But teaching's good. (BEAT) If I slammed the lid down real hard I could break every one of her fingers. Lois, what a horrible thought! Why do good people think bad things? Still, it'd be so easy, just SLAM!

(more)

LOIS (CONT'D; V.O.)

and she could kiss piano goodbye forever. Stop it. You need her for the competition. This girl's my Mozart. She's gonna bring momma the gold!

Ming-Wa finishes and looks to Lois.

LOIS

(TO PARENTS) She's not bad.

EXT./ESTAB. HAPPY-GO-LUCKY TOY FACTORY - NEXT DAY

INT. HAPPY-GO-LUCKY TOY FACTORY - SAME

The WORKERS work at a frenetic pace. But instead of toys, the conveyor belt carries bottles of beers that the workers dump out and look inside. **PULL BACK TO REVEAL** this scene is being watched by someone through the window of a second floor office that looks down on the line.

INT. MR. WEED'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

MR. WEED paces his office with his riding crop, his attention shifting between the factory workers down below and a sullen GUILLERMO, who sits pouting, arms crossed.

MR. WEED

Don't worry, Guillermo. I'll get you that scroll. (INTO INTERCOM) Faster, you idiots!

INT. HAPPY-GO-LUCKY TOY FACTORY - CONTINUOUS

On the assembly line, Peter, along with his fellow WORKERS, dump out bottles of beer as they pass by.

PETER

I can't believe we're shuckin' beers for Mr. Weed. I haven't felt this exploited since my days in the old Negro League.

EXT. BASEBALL FIELD - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Peter, in uniform, stands in a dugout talking to an African-American baseball coach.

COACH

I'm sorry, Peter, but you're not allowed to play in this league.

PETER

Why not? Is it because I'm not black?

COACH

Well, yes. This is a Negro league.

PETER

Oh. (TO SURROUNDING PLAYERS) You hear that, everybody? Now I'm not a negro! This is exploitation!

COACH

We're not exploiting you in any way. We're simply saying you're not allowed to play in this one particular league.

PETER

Oh, yeah? Well, all us white guys are gonna get together and form our own Negro League!

INT. HAPPY-GO-LUCKY TOY FACTORY - DAY (BACK TO SCENE)

Suddenly, there's a **clamor** o.s. A WORKER runs by.

WORKER

Did ya hear? It's over! Someone found the last scroll!

PETER

No! Say it isn't so!

Peter hurries over to the vending machine area where a CROWD of workers looks up at a mounted TV set.

INT. NEWS ANCHOR DESK - DAY (ON TV)

Tom sits at his desk.

TOM TUCKER

It's true. The final scroll has been recovered. The lucky recipient has declined to be interviewed for safety reasons, but I'm sure you're all with me when I say, "Congratulations, you son of a bitch."

EXT./ESTAB. GRIFFINS' HOUSE - LATER

INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Meg sits on the couch reading a book entitled Popularity For Dummies as Lois paces the room. **Piano** can be heard in the background. Lois ushers Ming-Wa in from the den.

LOIS

That was wonderful, Ming-Wa! I am so proud of you!

Ming-Wa smiles and leaves.

MEG

Mom, aren't you taking this whole piano thing a little seriously?

LOIS

The hell I am. I finally have a chance to show up that awful Alexis Radcliff.

(more)

LOIS (CONT'D)

It's bad enough her students always beat mine, but she rubs it in every time.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Lois and her STUDENT (clutching a small trophy) walk to Lois' car.

LOIS

Don't worry, sweetheart, there's always next year.

ALEXIS pulls up to them. A huge first place trophy is tied to her roof. Sitting shotgun is her STUDENT. Alexis steps out of her car.

ALEXIS

(TO LOIS' STUDENT) Congratulations on second place. Lois, it's amazing how you can take truly talented people and keep them from peaking too early.

Alexis takes a bucket of water out of her car and dumps it right next to Lois and the student, creating a large puddle. She gets back in the car and drives through the puddle, **splashing** water and mud all over Lois and Lois' student. Alexis **laughs** as she drives away. **REVEAL** Alexis' license plate reads "BETR N LOIS."

INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS (BACK TO PRESENT)

LOIS

Once just once, I'd like to see the look on her face when one of my student wins first prize. I'd also like to see her in the vulture cage at the zoo wearing sesame seed goggles.

(more)

LOIS (CONT'D)

But let's just see how the contest goes.

EXT. QUAHOG CITY STREET - DAY

Peter walks down the street, dejected.

PETER

I guess wanting it more than anyone just wasn't enough.

A GUY runs up to a group of guys by a barbershop.

GUY

Hey you guys, it's a fake! There's still a scroll out there!

Peter approaches the crowd which watches a TV mounted in the barbershop.

INT. NEWS ANCHOR DESK - DAY (ON TV)

TOM TUCKER

...That's right, I made it up. I figured if people thought the last scroll was found, everyone would stop looking, giving me the edge to find it myself. But what I did was wrong. As an act of contrition I will now insert this carnivorous earwig into my brain.

Tom tilts his head to the side and places a black earwig into his ear. It crawls out of sight.

TOM TUCKER (CONT'D)

Huh. Kinda tickles.

He then takes a deep, deep breath and...

TOM TUCKER (CONT'D)

Ahhhhhhhh!

Blood **spurts** out of his ear in a continuous stream, hitting Diane in the face. She raises her thumb to his ear, trying to stop the spurting.

DIANE

(INTO CAMERA) In other news...

EXT. QUAHOG CITY STREET - CONTINUOUS (BACK TO SCENE)

The crowd scatters with **murmurs** of relief and excitement. Peter pulls out a bottle of beer and looks at it religiously.

PETER

My last beer. Here goes.

Peter guzzles the beer. Eventually, he tilts the beer all the way back, finishing it and looks inside... No scroll.

PETER (CONT'D)

(SIGH) I bet that scroll makes the

beer taste terrible.

Peter walks a few steps, then grabs his stomach.

PETER (CONT'D)

Oh, god.

Peter leans over and **vomits** below frame. He stands up, wipes his mouth, then looks down.

PETER (CONT'D)

What the...?

Peter reaches down out of frame and picks up a tiny scroll. He shakes off the residual goo and holds it up high. The **"golden ticket" sound** when Charlie unwraps the winning candy bar is heard.

PETER (CONT'D)

I found it! I found the last scroll!

A crowd swarms him.

CROWD

He found it!/ Oh my!/ Free Tibet!/

Run home, Peter! Run as fast as you

can!

Under "**Golden Ticket"-like music** of Willy Wonka, Peter runs happily down the street. He runs at full speed until he trips and falls on his knee.

PETER

Ow! Ow! Oh, god...! (PAINED INHALE)

Ahh... (PAINED INHALE) Ahh!

He sits on the ground and clutches his knee in pain. He rocks slowly back and forth, writhing in agony. He slowly lifts up his pant leg, afraid of what he'll find.

PETER (CONT'D)

Ahh. Ahhh.

He examines his bloody scraped knee.

PETER (CONT'D)

Aw! Aw...

He pokes at it.

PETER (CONT'D)

AH! Oh, man...

He holds his knee and rocks back and forth, in excruciating pain.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT. PAWTUCKET PATRIOT BREWERY - DAY

A crowd is gathered outside the brewery gate. The media is there and a marching band **plays**. Peter and Brian wait with Joe and KEVIN.

JOE

Y'know, nobody's ever seen Pawtucket Pat before.

PETER

Hey, you know who else nobody's ever seen? Bill Clinton.

BRIAN

Peter, he's the President of the United States. He's on TV every day.

PETER

(WEARY) Not that Bill Clinton, Brian. The reclusive farmer in Topeka. (THEN) You know, this "dumb blonde" act of yours -- I've never gotten it, it's not funny, and quite frankly I wish it would stop.

Nearby, TRICIA TAKANAWA interviews NINJA JERRY, in black ninja garb, and his wife, JANIE.

TRICIA

Professional ninja Jerry Nelson, how did you find your Silver Scroll?

Jerry removes the flap of cloth that covers his mouth, revealing a white man in his mid-forties.

NINJA JERRY

I was at home nursing this throwing star wound, my wife Janie gives me a beer, and bam, there it was.

Janie smiles and comes up behind Jerry to kiss him on the cheek, but Jerry instinctively **backfists** her.

NINJA JERRY (CONT'D)

Oh, honey, I'm sorry. You know you can't sneak up on me like that.

JANIE

(HOLDING NOSE) You're right. My fault.

ANGLE ON: Another REPORTER interviews TWO GUYS in winter hats.

REPORTER

I'm here with scroll winners, Bob and Doug McKenzie. Boys, anything--

DOUG MCKENZIE

(GRABS MIC) Koo-loo-koo-koo, koo-loo-koo-koo! Pat's gonna regret us being here. Together, we can drink alot, eh?

BOB MCKENZIE

Yeah, but not as much as Mom.

DOUG MCKENZIE

No. But a lot.

Suddenly, **bugles sound** and everyone chants "Pat." We hear the staticy **crackle** of a loudspeaker. The crowd falls silent.

PAWTUCKET PAT

(OVER LOUDSPEAKER) Attention

visitors. This is Pawtucket Pat.

The tour of my brewery is cancelled!

Please go home immediately.

The crowd **moans** in disappointment, but no one goes anywhere.

PAWTUCKET PAT (CONT'D)

Very well, you have left me with no

choice.

The front door of the brewery flies open, revealing a large, rabid DOBERMAN. The crowd recoils, **gasping** in fear. The doberman **snarls** and drools, and scans the crowd for someone to attack. It spots a small boy and pounces, but lands just short of the child. Suddenly, a hand comes out of the dog's mouth, and unzips the fur, revealing PAWTUCKET PAT, who has been curled up inside. The crowd **sighs** in relief.

PAWTUCKET PAT (CONT'D)

Yes, it's me. (DRAMATIC POSE)

Pawtucket Pat!

The crowd **cheers**.

PAWTUCKET PAT (CONT'D)

Let the tour begin!

All the scroll holders excitedly enter. The gate **bangs** shut, leaving the general public behind.

BOB MCKENZIE

Hey, look!

In the distance, SEVERAL HOBBIT-LIKE CREATURES are painting the wall of the Brewery.

PAWTUCKET PAT

Oh, those are the Chumba Wumbas.

They were being ethnically cleansed

by the Hobbits of Middle Earth, so I

asked them to come live here with me.

Joe looks up the huge flight of stairs.

JOE

Hey, Pat, where's the wheelchair ramp?

The Chumba Wumbas stop painting and circle Joe. We hear an "Oompa Loompa"-esque **music cue.**

CHUMBA WUMBAS

CHUMBA WUMBA GOBBLEDY GOO / LIFE

ISN'T FAIR IT'S SAD BUT IT'S TRUE /

CHUMBA WUMBA GOBBLEDY GEE / WHEN YOUR

POOR LEGS ARE STIFF AS A TREE / WHAT

DO YOU DO WHEN YOU'RE STUCK IN A

CHAIR? / FINDING IT HARD TO GO UP AND

DOWN STAIRS? / WHAT DO YOU THINK OF

THE ONE ONE YOU CALL GOD? / ISN'T HIS

ABSENCE SLIGHT-LY ODD? / OR-MAYBE-

HE'S-FORGOTTEN-YOU / CHUMBA WUMBA

GOBBLEDY GORSE / COUNT YOURSELF LUCKY

YOU'RE NOT A HORSE / THEY WOULD TURN

YOU INTO DOG FOOD / OR TO CHUMBA

WUMBA GOBBLEDY GLUE!

The Chumba Wumbas wheel Joe (followed by Kevin) to the gates, which magically open. They roll Joe's wheelchair out. Kevin runs after him. The gates swing shut.

JOE (O.S.)

Hey, what about my lifetime supply of

beeer.....!

We hear an oncoming **truck blasting its horn** and the **screech of breaks**. The Chumba Wumbas run up the stairs and open the door for rest of the group. The group rushes up the stairs, **hollering** excitedly. Ninja Jerry does many ninja-style flips. The group reaches a large closed door. A beer bottle juts out where a doorknob would be.

PAWTUCKET PAT

It's all behind this door. Lady and

gentlemen... the Beer Room.

Pat pulls out a bottle opener and **pops** off the bottle cap. Suds pour out and the door swings open.

INT. BEER ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The group enters and looks down on a spectacular landscape. Fields of wheat, hops, and barley wave in the wind. A waterfall sends beer down to a flowing river. Varieties of trees bearing pretzels and frosty mugs adorn the land. Everyone's face is aglow in its beauty.

PAWTUCKET PAT

TAKE A DRINK / AND YOU'LL SINK / TO

A STATE OF PURE INEBRIATION / BEING

DRUNK OFF YOUR ASS / IS A WONDERFUL

SENSATION / JUST ONE TASTE / AND

YOU'RE FACED / BEER IS QUITE A

MARVELOUS LIBATION / YOU'LL BE TANKED

LIKE THE WHOLE IRISH NATION / WHEN

YOU DRINK ENOUGH OF MY BEER / YOU

WILL FIND THIS MAGIC BREW'LL / MAKE

YOUR EVERY JOKE A JEWEL / YOU'LL

DRIVE DRUNKER THAN / OKSANA BAIUL...

(more)

PAWTUCKET PAT (CONT'D)

GO ON, BUDS / DRINK MY SUDS / TILL

YOU'VE REACHED / THAT PURE

INEBRIATION /THOUGH THE BEER MAY BE

FREE / YOU'RE JUST RENTING IT FROM ME.

During the song, we see the guests enjoying the Beer Room in the following ways:

Ninja Jerry and his wife dip their mugs in a waterfall of beer, then approach an orchard. Jerry karate **kicks** one of the trees causing pretzels to fall to the ground. Jerry and his wife excitedly pick up the snacks and stuff them into their pockets.

As Pawtucket Pat sings, he walks past a huge aquarium window, in which we see Bob and Doug McKenzie swimming like two happy dolphins in a giant beer tank.

Peter and Brian approach an enormous fountain, their mouths agape. **CUT TO REVEAL** that it's a fountain sculpture representing the three stages of beer. Beer pours from a bottle into a man's mouth. It goes through his system and exits into an enormous toilet. The toilet continually flushes sending the beer back up into the bottle.

The guys all climb to the summit of a giant beer bottle. As they use a huge bottle opener to pry off the bottle cap the tableau resembles the raising of the flag at Iwo Jima. The bottle cap **pops off** and they all celebrate.

A raincoat-clad Pawtucket Pat dances down a path a la Gene Kelly in "Singing In The Rain" as beer raindrops pour from the sky. After completing a nifty dance number (splashing in the puddles, opening his mouth to catch the raindrops, etc.) Pat swings around a lamp post and looks to the sky. A ray of light hits his face. **ANGLE ON** the rest of the gang standing in a field of hops and barley. They all look to the sky in awe as the clouds part to reveal a gorgeous "beer rainbow" (all in different shades of amber).

PETER

Oh my god, if I died right now, I'd

really regret not gettin' all that

porn out of the house.

EXT./ESTAB. JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

INT. SEVENTH GRADE CLASSROOM - SAME

The SEVENTH GRADERS study quietly. A PROCTOR enters the classroom and hands the TEACHER a note. She reads it, then.

TEACHER

Oh, dear. Ming-Wa? You need to go to the principal's office. Your parents have been in a horrible car accident.

Ming-Wa gets up and runs out of the classroom in tears.

INT. JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Ming-Wa exits the classroom to find Lois, who has a keyboard set up off to the side.

LOIS

Ming-Wa! Good. Let's start with some scales.

MING-WA

(THROUGH TEARS) Mrs. Griffin, my parents have been in a terrible accident.

LOIS

(CHUCKLES) Oh, no, I just made that up to get you out of class so we could practice for the competition. (TAPS BENCH) Sit-sit.

MING-WA

So... my parents...?

LOIS

They're fine. And they'll stay that way.

(more)

LOIS (CONT'D)

(VEILED THREAT) As long as you

practice.

Lois has a slightly crazy look in her eye. Ming-Wa looks around unsure, then nervously sits.

EXT./ESTAB. PAWTUCKET PATRIOT BREWERY - DAY

INT. PAWTUCKET PATRIOT BREWERY - SAME

The Chumba Wumbas roll Bob and Doug out of the room. The Canucks have been transformed into kegs.

DOUG MCKENZIE

I guess we shouldn't'a tapped those

kegs, eh?

BOB MCKENZIE

Take off, I like this! I hold more

beer and have a protective coating,

eh?

DOUG MCKENZIE

No way, hoser. Our penises are gone.

PAN DOWN THE CORRIDOR to Pawtucket Pat as he leads the group to a door with a window. A large vat is in the center of the room, brewing. As it brews, we see bubbles floating up towards the ceiling. A sign on the door reads, "KEEP OUT!"

PAWTUCKET PAT

We're still working some of the bugs

out of our latest invention.

Permasuds. Beer that never goes flat.

PAWTUCKET PAT (CONT'D)

No matter how old it gets it stays

carbonated.

The group **oohs and ahhs,** then moves off. Brian starts to follow but Peter stops him.

PETER

Brian, wait.

Peter opens the door to the Permasuds and goes inside.

INT. PERMASUDS LAB - CONTINUOUS

Peter crosses to a mug of beer and picks it up. Brian enters.

BRIAN

Maybe we should stick with the group.

PETER

Beer that never goes flat. Do you know what that means, Brian? This beer will still be carbonated long after you die of old age and we buy another dog to help the kids, you know, forget about you.

Peter takes a sip of beer.

BRIAN

Peter, I wouldn't--

PETER

It's incredible. I can feel the bubbles everywhere. (GIGGLES) Hehehehe. They're tickling my spleen.

BRIAN

Ah, what the hell. Cheers.

Brian grabs a mug, they toast and both down their beers.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Man, that <u>is</u> good.

Brian starts to float upwards, passing some of the bubbles from the vat.

BRIAN

What the--

PETER

Brian, this is no time to levitate.

Peter starts to float upwards.

PETER (CONT'D)

Whoa!

BRIAN

Hey, check this out.

Brian does a flip in midair as he continues to rise.

PETER

Oh yeah? Watch this.

Peter mimics pulling off his thumb as he continues to rise. Brian looks up.

BRIAN

Oh my God!

PETER

Relax, Brian. It's just a trick.

See. My thumb is fine.

BRIAN

I'm talking about that!

Brian points towards the ceiling and Peter looks. There's a huge exhaust fan with rotating metal blades.

PETER

Holy crap!

They struggle to stop floating but keep rising as the sound of the **fan** gets louder.

PETER (CONT'D)

There's nothing to grab onto! Aw,

this is it, pal. We're goners.

They get dangerously close to the fan.

BRIAN

Peter, I want you to know I've really cherished our friendship.

PETER

Me too, buddy. That's why I was holding this in, but since we're gonna die anyway...

Peter rips a huge **fart** and promptly drops a few feet.

BRIAN

Peter, that's it!

Brian forces out a **fart** and drops a few feet.

PETER

Nice. Pull my finger.

BRIAN

My pleasure.

Brian pulls Peter's finger. Peter **farts** and falls some more.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Brace yourself. I had grilled cheese for lunch.

Brian strains, **rips** one and falls a few feet.

PETER

Yeah, I can tell.

Peter strains. We hear nothing but he falls a few feet.

PETER (CONT'D)

Ahhh, silent but life-saving.

As they float down, they see Pawtucket Pat glowering at them.

PAWTUCKET PAT

What the hell is this? Didn't you see that sign? (POINTS TO "KEEP OUT" SIGN) You've sullied my factory and disobeyed my rules. Get out!

PETER

Aw, crap. Well, at least I get my lifetime supply of beer.

PAWTUCKET PAT

No, you don't.

PETER

Well, do I at least get a Chumba Wumba song?

PAWTUCKET PAT

(SIGHS) Fine.

He **claps** twice. Some Chumba Wumbas appear.

CHUMBA WUMBAS

CHUMBA WUMBA --

One of them punches Peter in the gut. He doubles over in pain.

PETER

Ahhh! Ahh! Oh, god...

He crumbles on to the ground, curled into a fetal position and clutching his stomach.

PETER (CONT'D)

Oooh! Ahh! (PAINFUL INHALE) Aw, geeez...

He starts to get up, but falls back over.

PETER (CONT'D)

Aaah! (WHEEZING) Uh, uh, uh, uh!

HOLD ON Peter's pain for a long, long time.

EXT./ESTAB. WONG HOME - EVENING

INT. MING-WA'S ROOM - SAME

Ming-Wa sits at her desk, doing her homework. There's a **tap** at her window. Curious, she goes to the window and pulls back the curtains to find Lois standing outside. Ming-Wa opens the window.

MING-WA

Mrs. Griffin? It's almost my bedtime.

LOIS

Oh, bedtimes are for little kids!

C'mon, let's go over to my house and

practice.

MING-WA

My mommy doesn't want you around me

anymore.

The bedroom door opens and Ming-Wa's mother enters.

MRS. WONG

What's going on in here?

Lois begins twisting her hair, like a little girl.

LOIS

Uh, I'm Linda. Me and my parents

just moved in down the street. That

Britney Spears is so now.

MRS. WONG

Please leave. Ming-Wa is no longer

your student.

Mrs. Wong closes the window. Lois yells through the glass.

LOIS

No! She's my only hope! (BEAT, TO MING-WA) I should've crushed your fingers when I had the chance!

EXT.\ESTAB. GRIFFINS' HOUSE - LATER

INT. GRIFFINS' DEN - CONTINUOUS

Lois sits at the piano with Meg, her leg chained to the bench. Stewie sits playing with his toys.

LOIS

Come on, Meg. The competition is this Sunday and you're not even close to ready.

MEG

Maybe if you loosened my chains...

LOIS

We tried that, remember? You can't be trusted.

Peter and Brian enter.

PETER

Lois, take a letter. Dear Pawtucket Pat. I hate you! You are a bad man! And you made me cry. Furthermore--

LOIS

Not now, Peter. Meg and I are havin' a little girl-time.

MEG

(TO PETER) Help me--!

Lois quickly covers Meg's mouth.

LOIS

(TO PETER, PLAYFULLY) Go on. Get out of here.

PETER

Geez, Lois, still with the piano? What's a guy gotta do to get a little attention around here?

Peter **bangs** noisily on the keys, but the banging soon turns into a rhapsodic, classical version of the theme from "Dallas".

LOIS

Peter?! That's incredible!

STEWIE

Oh, play "She's Like the Wind."

Peter keeps playing, looking equally surprised. Lois unlocks Meg, who runs off. Peter finishes with a bang.

LOIS

Do you know what this means? You're gonna help me win!

EXT./ESTAB. GRIFFINS' HOUSE - NEXT MORNING

INT. GRIFFINS' DEN - SAME

Lois and a hungover Peter are at the piano. Peter **plays** worse than bad.

PETER

I don't know, the magic must be gone.

LOIS

Don't be ridiculous, Peter. Talent doesn't just disappear overnight.

PETER

Oh yeah? Well, you were pretty bad in bed last night.

INT. PETER AND LOIS' BEDROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Almost pitch black. We see some movement under the covers.

PETER

Come on, Lois, move or something. Geez, it's like doin' it with a pillow.

INT. GRIFFINS' DEN - DAY (BACK TO SCENE)

LOIS

Peter, I stayed at my mother's last night.

PETER

Oh.

LOIS

(SIGH) I can't believe it. That damn Alexis is gonna beat me again. Where's the aspirin?

She exits. Brian walks over. He holds a bloody Mary with a celery stick in it.

PETER

Geez, I haven't felt this crappy since the time I went to that museum.

INT. MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY - DAY (FLASHBACK)

A twelve year-old Peter, his classmates, and a MUSEUM GUIDE stand around a Brontosaurus Skeleton.

PETER

Why did all the dinosaurs die out?

MUSEUM GUIDE

Because you touch yourself at night.

Peter hangs his head in shame.

INT. GRIFFINS' DEN - DAY (BACK TO PRESENT)

PETER

This hangover's killin' me.

Brian offers him his drink.

BRIAN

Try some of this.

Peter downs the drink, then **sighs** and **plays** the beginning of **"The Odd Couple" theme.** Peter and Brian exchange a look. Lois runs in.

LOIS

What was that?

BRIAN

Wait a minute. Peter, take another swig.

Peter takes another swig and **plays** more of "The Odd Couple".

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Hmm. I think we found his muse.

LOIS

(REALIZING) Oh my god, you can only play the piano when you're drunk! Just like John Tesh!

PETER

Well, bring it on, I gotta perform on Sunday.

LOIS

Forget it. I'm not gonna ply my husband with alcohol just to win a contest.

PETER

You did when we went camping.

LOIS

I was trying to get your leg out of that bear trap.

PETER

Bear trap, piano contest -- I think you're splitting hairs here.

EXT./ESTAB. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - NEXT DAY

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - SAME

The door says "Gary Miller, MD; Fred Rubin, MD, Gynecology". Lois is obviously in stirrups, but we only see her from the waist up. DOCTOR MILLER enters.

DOCTOR MILLER

Good morning, Mrs. Griffin. (BENDS DOWN; ECHOING) Hellllooo, hellloooo, helllooo. (NORMAL) Just kidding. So, any problems?

LOIS

No, everything's fine, doctor.

ALEXIS (O.S.)

Lois?

The curtain pulls back **REVEALING** Alexis from the waist up; she, too, is in stirrups and is being treated by DOCTOR RUBIN.

LOIS

(FORCED CASUAL) Oh, hello, Alexis.

ALEXIS

Heard you pulled out of the competition. Smart move.

LOIS

Yes, well there are more important things in life than a (CHANGING OCTAVES) peee-AHH-no competition.

ALEXIS

Oh yes, especially for those who have no-oh-that's-cold-chance.

LOIS

For your (STRAINED) in-formation, I have a student that could (STRAINED) whip you. But for (STRAINED) reasons I can't go into--

ALEXIS

Oh, no, I know the reason. It's a lot easier to drop out than to suffer another humiliation. (TO DOCTOR; SHARPLY) Fred, this is not a date!

DOCTOR RUBIN (O.S.)

Alright, you're all done.

Alexis stands and turns to Lois.

ALEXIS

Well, what do you know? Once again, I finish first.

Alexis exits. Lois looks livid. Doctor Rubin starts out, but stops and leans in to address Lois with a mischievous smile.

DOCTOR RUBIN

Don't feel bad. She asked for

"pine". I gave her "new car."

EXT.\ESTAB. GRIFFINS' HOUSE - DAY

INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - DAY

Peter watches TV. Lois enters the front door and **slams** a twelve-pack of beer down on the coffee table.

LOIS

Shotgun this twelve-pack and meet me

at the piano. It's on!

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

EXT./ESTAB. DRUNKEN CLAM - DAY

INT. DRUNKEN CLAM - DAY

Peter plays a rendition of **"I Dream of Jeannie"** on the house piano for Joe, Cleveland, Quagmire, and other patrons. Lois and Brian sit at the bar. Peter finishes the song and everyone **applauds.**

PETER

You think that was great, watch this. (CALLS OUT) Uh-oh. Lois, I'm losin' my buzz! I need more talent juice!

LOIS

(TO BARTENDER) I need another beer over here.

PETER

Ah-ah-ah. I'm workin' on "I Dream of Jeannie" here. Better make it a pitcher.

Lois **bangs** the bar.

LOIS

C'mon, c'mon, a pitcher!

Peter smiles proudly. The guys nod admiringly.

QUAGMIRE

Hey Peter, you got her to fetch. Now let's see her roll over. Oh!

CLEVELAND

Wow, Lois must've written the book on man pleasin'.

(more)

CLEVELAND (CONT'D)

Too bad Loretta doesn't allow white literature in our household.

ANGLE ON Lois and Brian at the bar as the bartender fills the pitcher.

BRIAN

This is all for the sake of "art", right?

LOIS

Don't start with me, Brian. I hate myself for what I'm doing, but dammit, I want to win.

BRIAN

Well, I suppose you're not the first person to compromise their morals to achieve their goal.

INT. DEVIL'S BOARDROOM - DAY (CUTAWAY)

The DEVIL stands talking to a young TOM HANKS.

DEVIL

Okay, Mr. Hanks. Let's see, I get your soul, and you get a string of hit movies, not just comedies, mind you, important dramas with top directors. So we got a deal?

The devil reaches out to shake his hand.

TOM HANKS

Cool. Oh, one more thing. The guy I'm in "Bosom Buddies" with...

DEVIL

Peter Scolari?

TOM HANKS

Yeah. Could you keep him down? You know, give him a little taste, and then take it all away?

DEVIL

Way ahead of you.

EXT./ESTAB. GRIFFINS' HOUSE - NIGHT

INT. PETER AND LOIS' BATHROOM - SAME

Lois, in her nightgown, **gargles**, then **spits** into the sink.

LOIS

(CALLS OUT) Peter, your piano is coming along so well. And, hey, as far as all the alcohol goes-- Well, as long as we act responsibly it shouldn't be a problem, right? Peter?

INT. PETER AND LOIS' BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Lois enters and finds a sloppily written note which says "Went to store." She goes to the window and looks outside.

LOIS

Oh, no!

She runs out of the room.

INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Meg, in her bathrobe, sits on the couch, reading. Lois runs in.

LOIS

Meg! Your father took the car and I think he's drunk!

MEG

Well, duh, the way you've been

pouring booze down his throat.

LOIS

You're right. Oh god, this is all my

fault! What have I done!?

We hear the car pull into the driveway with a **screech.** Lois runs to the window. **HER POV:** Peter gets out of the driver's side of the car. A MAN'S BODY is sprawled on the hood of the car. His legs dangle over the grill.

LOIS (CONT'D)

Oh, my god!

EXT. GRIFFINS' DRIVEWAY - CONTINUOUS

Peter pulls a grocery bag from the back seat. He heads into the house, not noticing the man. Lois runs outside in a panic.

LOIS

Peter!

She points to the body. Peter stops and looks at it.

PETER

Oh, geez. (SHAKES THE BODY) Hey,

buddy, we're here.

The man stirs and gets off the car.

MAN

Oh, wow. Must've fallen asleep.

Hey, thanks for the lift.

The man walks off. Peter pulls a six-pack out of the bag and lifts it up to show a dazed Lois.

PETER

(CHEERY) Better practice! Got a big

day tomorrow.

EXT./ESTAB. CONCERT HALL - NEXT NIGHT

INT. CONCERT HALL - LOBBY - SAME

The room **buzzes** with TEACHERS and their YOUNG STUDENTS. Peter and Lois step up to the check-in table.

LOIS

(TO CLERK) Yes, we're checking in.

The student's name is Peter Griffin.

ANGLE ON Peter, who talks to a LITTLE BOY next to him.

PETER

How long have you been playing for?

LITTLE BOY

Five years. How about you?

PETER

Three days.

The Little Boy **snickers.**

PETER (CONT'D)

Yeah. Well, I have hair down there.

Lois steps over to Peter.

LOIS

Well, we're all set. (LOOKS O.S.)

There's Alexis.

ANGLE ON Alexis, who sees Lois and waves. She then takes her STUDENT's hand by the wrist and waves it at Lois. We see that he has freakishly long fingers.

LOIS (CONT'D)

Come on, you're on in an hour. We

need to rehearse. (TO CLERK) Excuse

me, where's the nearest liquor store?

CLERK

They're all closed on Sundays. This here's a dry county.

Peter and Lois **gasp**.

PETER

I'm sorry, honey. I just can't do it without booze.

LOIS

That's all right. You know what? I'm glad this happened. I didn't want to win this way anyhow...

Nearby a TEENAGER complains to his PARENTS.

TEEN

I can't believe I'm missing Ronny's party for <u>this</u>.

TEEN'S MOTHER

That Ronny's a bad influence. I can't believe you let him talk you into piercing your nipples.

She lifts up her son's shirt revealing pierced nipples. A curtain rod runs between them, supporting a small piece of lacy cloth.

TEEN

Yeah, well, how else am I gonna hang my stomach curtain?

LOIS

(TO PETER) That's it!

Lois goes over to the teenager.

LOIS (CONT'D)

Hey, dude? Can you tell me how I can get to Ronny's party?

The kid turns to his parents, indignant.

TEEN

(PETULANTLY) See? She's going!

EXT./ESTAB. RONNY'S PARENTS' HOUSE - NIGHT

Cars line the street as TEENAGERS file into the house.

INT. RONNY'S PARENTS' LIVING ROOM - SAME

TEENAGERS mill around as **rap music** plays in the background.

INT. RONNY'S PARENTS' KITCHEN - NIGHT

Lois pulls several bottles of beer out of the fridge and hands them to Peter.

PETER

I don't know if this is right, Lois. I mean, isn't this beer for the kids?

LOIS

Shut up and drink!

Peter's about to drink when RONNY, a hip-looking teen, enters.

RONNY

Hey! I don't know who invited you but that beer is for our quarters game.

He gestures to the kitchen table where kids are playing quarters. Lois and Peter exchange a knowing nod.

LOIS

(FEIGNING INNOCENCE) Oh, I see. I've never heard of this "quarters" game.

(more)

LOIS (CONT'D)

Mind if we play?

SMASH CUT:

INT. RONNY'S PARENTS' KITCHEN - MINUTES LATER

Lois and Peter are at the table. The other kids sit with their arms crossed, bored. Lois **bounces** a quarter on the table. It **plops** into the glass of beer. She points to Peter with her elbow.

LOIS

Consume!

PETER

Me, again? Okay.

Peter drinks the beer.

LOIS

Oh, and since that's five in a row,

I get to make another rule: Everyone

over forty has to drink double.

The kids **groan** their discontent. Lois refills the glass.

KID

This is boring.

PETER

Yeah, you know, when I was your age,

we had better drinking games.

INT. DORM ROOM - DAY (FLASHBACK)

A TWENTY-ISH PETER sits in a circle with several COLLEGE FRIENDS. Beer cans litter the place. The KID next to Peter repeatedly **strikes** Peter's hand with a hammer. Peter **winces** for several hits, then finally:

PETER

Ow.

The kid points to Peter.

KID

Ah-ha, you drink.

Peter picks up the mug with his other hand, which is horribly mangled, and takes a drink.

INT. RONNY'S PARENTS' KITCHEN - NIGHT (BACK TO SCENE)

TEENAGE BOY

C'mon, Lois, what about us?

LOIS

Well, how 'bout I spice it up a bit?

Off the nose.

Lois rolls the quarter off her nose. It **bounces** on the table and into the glass. Lois points to Peter with her elbow and gives him a wink. Peter smiles at Lois.

PETER

(SINCERE) I love you so much.

Peter starts **chugging**. Suddenly, a NOSE-PIERCED GIRL runs into the kitchen.

NOSE-PIERCED GIRL

It's the cops!

TEENAGE BOY

Run!

All the kids, along with Peter and Lois -- who grab beers -- start out the back door. Peter and Lois are about to jump the back fence when TWO COPS stop them.

COP #1

Hold it, you two. Aren't you a

little old to be drinking illegally?

PETER

(SEARCHING) Uh... uh... (THEN) Lois,

look over there!

Lois looks behind her. Peter turns to the cops.

PETER (CONT'D)

(TO THE COPS) Run!

The cops run away. After a beat, Peter and Lois hop the fence and scramble away.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - DAY

We're looking at a house. Peter and Lois run down the sidewalk and out of frame. A beat. Peter runs back into frame and TP's a tree, shaving creams the house's windows, and starts pushing over the mailbox. Lois runs into frame, grabs Peter and pulls him out of frame.

EXT./ESTAB. CONCERT HALL - NIGHT

INT. CONCERT HALL - BACKSTAGE WINGS - SAME

Lois watch Alexis' student play Rachmaninoff as Peter, in a tuxedo, tries to unbutton her dress.

PETER

(DRUNKENLY) I want to make you feel

beautiful, Lois.

LOIS

Peter, stop. Try to stay focused.

Alexis' student finishes the piece and the crowd **applauds.** Alexis strolls smugly past Lois and Peter.

ALEXIS

Guess you'll lose twice tonight: once

on stage and once later when you have

to sleep with that slob.

LOIS

I happen to love my husband very much.

ALEXIS

I was talking to your husband.

Alexis heads off as Lois fumes.

LOIS

That does it. (GRABS PETER) On your knees!

She pushes Peter down and pulls out a funnel and shoves it down his throat. As she pours beer in the funnel, Peter begins **choking** and **coughing.**

LOIS (CONT'D)

Make sure your trills are clean and watch the legato in the fourth measure. Go!

She pushes him toward the piano. He stumbles in a serpentine pattern, almost falling off the stage at one point, until he makes it to the bench. Unfortunately, he sits down facing away from the keyboard. He **cracks** his knuckles, **burps**, then puts his hands up and begins playing the air. Lois **gasps** and runs out on stage. With an embarrassed smile, she struggles to turn the bench around. Peter's hands make contact with the keyboard midway through the song, but it doesn't sound quite right. Lois frowns, then bumps his bench hard to the right. Now Peter's fingers are hitting the right keys and he sounds magnificent. Lois scurries offstage. Peter plays a breath-taking version of the **theme from "Bonanza."** He finishes with a flourish. The crowd **goes nuts**, giving him a **standing ovation.** It's obvious Peter has won. Lois runs on stage and hugs him.

PETER

(DRUNK, TO LOIS) We did it, Brian.

Lois looks over at Alexis, who storms off. Lois leads Peter to the edge of the stage. She takes a bow. Peter tries to take a bow, but bends too far and falls off the stage. Lois, concerned, takes another bow.

EXT./ESTAB. GRIFFINS' HOUSE - NIGHT

INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - SAME

A golden piano trophy sits on the TV. Lois sits on the couch staring at it. Brian enters.

BRIAN

Congratulations, Lois.

LOIS

For what? Feeding my ego with a stupid trophy at the expense of my husband's health? How'm I ever gonna sleep at night?

EXT./ESTAB. GRIFFINS' HOUSE - MORNING

Chryon: "The Next Morning"

INT. PETER AND LOIS' BEDROOM - MORNING

Lois awakes and sits up in bed.

LOIS

Wow. I haven't slept that well in years.

She notices Peter o.s.

LOIS (CONT'D)

Peter, what're you doing?

REVEAL Peter on the floor doing sit-ups.

PETER

Sit-ups. Thought I'd get all that beer out of my system and get in shape.

LOIS

Oh. (TO HERSELF) Hmm, so far nothing bad's happened.

EXT./ESTAB. GRIFFINS' HOUSE - MORNING

Chyron: "One Month Later..."

INT. GRIFFINS' BEDROOM - MORNING

Peter pulls the shades, flooding the room with morning light. Lois stirs awake to see Peter putting a breakfast tray on the bed.

PETER

Morning, honey. Gotta run. I'm doing some community service down at the Troubled Teen Center. See ya!

Peter exits.

LOIS

Huh. All that alcohol abuse and not a single thing went awry? (BEAT) There must be consequences.

EXT./ESTAB. GRIFFINS' HOUSE - MORNING

Chryon: "Five Years Later..."

INT. GRIFFINS' BEDROOM - SAME

Lois is asleep. She's jarred awake to find Peter **groaning** in pain and rocking back and forth in the middle of the room.

LOIS

Peter? Are you okay?

PETER

Oh! My liver! My liver!!

Lois **gasps** and covers her mouth in horror.

LOIS

I just knew it! Oh, Peter, I'm so sorry I did this to you! Forgive me!

Peter then abruptly stops groaning and winks at Lois.

PETER

Ha! Gotcha! But remember when you thought all that alcohol would lead to something bad?

Lois and Peter share a warm **chuckle.** Peter **opens** two bottles of beer and they **clink** them together. A little beer spills from the bottle on to the bed spread.

LOIS

Aw, crap, it spilled on the bed spread! I knew it!

THE END